

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Spirit of Christmas.
All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old friends forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty claps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a truce to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts.
At gay Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.

—New York Journal.

Queer.
"It's mighty hard to judge by appearances," said Uncle Eben. "When you see a man with a new suit of clothes, you nether kin tell whether he's got a whole lot of money or whether he's 'jes' done spent it all."—Washington Star.

The Professor.
"And yet," said the professor, struggling with a burnt and blackened steak of unusual toughness which the cook lady had just brought in, "they say woman's work is never done!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Saddest Days.
These are the saddest days, once more,
In spite of all advice,
Dear little Willie bies away
With little Remond, and they,
Of course, break through the ice.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Somewhat Like One.
"Did you notice how she jabbled away when she sat there between those two men?"
"Goodness, yes! It made me think of a tongue sandwich."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sex in Questions.
"There is sex in questions."
"How so?"
"Why, 'Will she have him?' is essentially masculine, while 'Can she get him?' is the feminine of it."—Chicago Post.

In Happy Land.
A fire on a winter's night,
When skies are chill and gray;
An easy chair, a book in sight,
And heaven isn't far away!

—Atlanta Constitution.

An Exaggerator.
Harry—Fred says there is only one girl in all the world for him.
Dick—That's just like Fred's exaggeration. He knows well enough there isn't even one.—Boston Transcript.

Knowledge.
"It's better not to know too much
As through the world you go
Than 'tis to know a lot of things
That really aren't so."

—Philadelphia Press.

Conscientious.
"So you won't chop the wood?"
"No, lady," answered Meandering Mike in a tone of deep sorrow. "I'm a kleptomaniac. I'm afraid I might steal some of it."—Washington Star.

Leadin' Question.
Sounds of Christmas in the air,
Whistling time an' sangin',
An' still this question ever where:
"What's Santa Claus a-bringin'?"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Appropriate Name.
Mrs. Snaggs—Why are canards so called?
Mr. Snaggs—Because usually they are things that a fellow can hardly believe.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Retribution.
He wrote some lines on time
When the gas was burning dim,
But that was many years ago,
Now time is writing lines on him.

—New York World.

Sweet Charity.
"Look here, boss," said the beggar.
"You've given me a counterfeit."
"Is that so?" replied the good man.
"Well, keep it for your honesty."—Philadelphia Press.

Skating Song.
Oh, little children, now we fear
It is about that time of year
When on the ice you darling creatures
Will fall and bust your little features!

—Denver Times.

A Great Need.
Sandy Pikes—Dis medicine is guaranteed to keep away every kind of grip.
Billy Calkgate (anxiously)—Will it keep away de build'g's grip, pard?
Chicago News.

A Holiday Reflection.
You know 'till now be Christmas
By the frost, the snow, the joy,
By your strongly generous impulse,
By the fact that you are broke.

—Washington Star.

The Way Some Clubwomen Act.
Mrs. Whyte—Does she belong to the Improvement club?
Mrs. Browning—No. The Improvement club belongs to her.—Somerville Journal.

It Certainly Does.
It may seem paradoxical,
But it really beats the band
How clever, when restricted,
Are quite likely to expand.

—Chicago News.

The Obvious Reason.
"Ardup says he's just got to raise the wind. What's the occasion?"
"I think he wants to blow himself."—Chicago Tribune.

A Capitulation.
We blame the constant kicker
And chide him with a will,
And yet the world oft gives him
His wish to keep him still.

—Washington Star.

What Is Meant.
"They say they are selling out at cost!"
"Yes—at the cost to the purchaser!"—Chicago Post.

He Was It.
"The merry woman I played," said she.
And toward her little head,
"Hush! You're meant!" For certainly
You do please me!" he said.

—Philadelphia Press.

BUSINESS FOR WOMEN

PROFITABLE OCCUPATIONS THAT ARE OPEN TO THEM.

Instead of Flocking to the Cities They Can Find Remunerative Work at Home—Animals That Women Can Raise Successfully.

A large number of women are now engaged in various branches of commercial life, many from country places and interior towns, attracted to the nearest large city by the possibility of finding employment, where it is supposed that abundant opportunities are offered, paying in proportion to skill, fortune, ability or training. One naturally wonders why they do not undertake enterprises on their own account for which women are eminently fitted.

Women should be foremost in one particular industry, that of raising animals of various kinds either to be used as pets or for food or fur. It is conducted in a quiet place away from the mad hustle, bustle and strife of city life, gives much time for household duties and leisure, is free from insults, bickerings and domineering employers, is not arduous and when conducted on a large scale the heavy labor can be performed by men or boys hired for the purpose.

Never for an instant, however, must the woman lose sight of the fact that she must exercise every detail and know for an absolute certainty that all work has been done at the proper time and as it should be.

If commenced properly, the risk is slight, and the way to begin is on a small scale, with only a pair or two of the cheapest animals of the kind you desire to raise. Experiment with these, and if they are lost your loss is small, whereas if you succeed you will then be able to purchase the finest stock, and as a rule the best stock pays best.

Women in various parts of the country are now successfully breeding fine animals and making money at the business. Several in Chicago are raising Angora cats, and there are others in Louisville, St. Louis, San Francisco and in places about New York city.

In Indianapolis a woman is raising toy poodles, Angora cats and canaries, or guinea pigs; near Chicago a schoolteacher has an extensive and profitable business in Belgian hares and caviar, in Denver, Los Angeles and various western towns and also in New England women are making money raising Belgian hares and Angora cats, and in all parts of the country, as is perhaps better known, women are doing the same by raising poultry.

In addition to the animals above mentioned others for which there is a growing demand may also be raised, such as pheasants, but little if any more trouble than poultry. Their rare beauty makes it easy to dispose of them at high prices, while the fact that they are a delicious food adds to the market value.

The Belgian hare is the rabbit in greatest demand, but there are also many other paying varieties, fine specimens of which sell readily at fancy prices, including the odd and beautiful Dutch and the Himalayan rabbits, both curiously marked, and besides these the Angora and the improved rabbit.

Then there are the civies in three distinct and handsome kinds in various colors and in active demand at profitable prices. To this list may be added fancy mice and waltzing mice, selling rapidly at \$3 to \$5 a pair; ferrets, used by warm-houses for catching rats and by hunters for driving rabbits out of their holes; dogs of various kinds, bringing from \$1,000 each; also canaries and other caged birds.

American raised birds when properly handled are of better quality than imported stock, and bird raising is certainly a delicate and pleasing occupation at which women naturally excel.

Raising frogs is no work at all, and land snails for food purposes, that is, not and swarming or land surrounding a pond—usually can be used for nothing else. By having proper buildings they can be marketed when the price is high. Frogs legs are always in demand, frequently at surprisingly large prices, as they are considered a great delicacy.

There is, too, the beautiful Angora goat, raised for its wool, from which its hair is made, and the flesh can be used as an article of food. It is easily cared for and pays well.

Probably the queerest and one which at first thought seems the most objectionable is skunk farming. This little animal is really very interesting and inoffensive when understood and properly handled. The secret can be learned by a woman without trouble from the young, and old animals will not use their scent unless badly frightened. Skunks are possessed of more than ordinary animal intelligence, soon learning to know their keeper, eating from the hand and following him about quite like a dog.

Like frogs, skunks are particularly suited to raising on land and useful for no other purpose. A single story, stinging piece of ground that can be used neither as pasture nor for cultivation can be turned to profitable account by utilizing it in this way. Skunks are bred for their fur, which is valuable. The skins are sent to England, there dyed and dressed and returned to this country as domestic seal.

Women should be able to select some animal from the list to begin with, carrying the business through a gradual system of development to a profitable conclusion.

Spare time can be nicely used teaching birds to pipe a tune and training parrots to talk, as a bird that can whistle a tune is valuable, and one having a repertoire of several tunes is quite out of the reach of an ordinary purchaser, and the same is true of a good talking parrot.—Boston Globe.

Ice For the Invalid.
A medical journal tells how a sanatorium through a day and night if need be, covers with a fire in the room. Put the water holding the ice in a soap plate and cover it with another; then place the soap plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover with another pillow, passing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. The paragraph adds that one of the best ice patients is an old jack-pine so deep. It should be turned bottom upward and the ice rested backward and forward over the center.

Womanlike.
He thought a woman's job to be sure, but he should have at a thing as reserved from "female privilege."

She thought a man's job to be sure, but he should have at a thing as reserved from "male privilege."

He thought a woman's job to be sure, but he should have at a thing as reserved from "female privilege."

He thought a woman's job to be sure, but he should have at a thing as reserved from "female privilege."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

DON'S WISDOM.

How He Outwitted the Lazy Dog Who Stole His Bones.

The owner of an old shepherd dog tells many stories of his intelligence. The collie, Don, has been much annoyed by the conduct of a neighbor's dog who is too lazy to bury bones for his own eating, but greatly enjoys unearthing the treasures of others.

When Don had been deprived of several choice bones in this way, he evidently meditated over the matter, and at last a bright idea came to him.

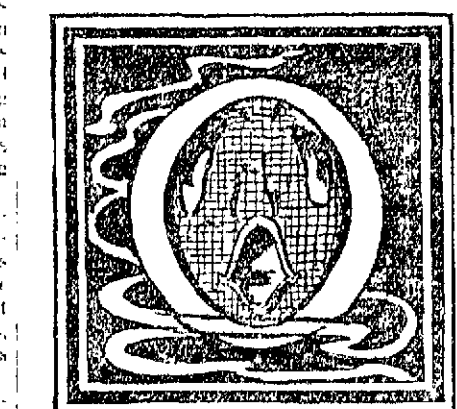
One day after dinner, when the neighbor's dog was out of the way, Don began to dig a hole not far from where his master sat watching him. The hole was unusually deep. In it he deposited a big and still eminently desirable bone. Then he covered it well with earth, disappeared for a moment and came back with a small bone which had been his best and its second best days, but was still good enough, in Don's opinion, for a thief.

This bone he laid on the earth which hid the big one and scraped the soil over it with elaborate care. His master had the satisfaction of knowing that the plan was successful, for early the next morning he saw the thief hastily leaving the premises with the small bone in his mouth.

Later in the day Don repeated the reward of his wisdom as he sat munching and crunching the big bone at his leisure.—Youth's Companion.

Wondering Why.
"I wish," said little Alice Gray, "that I could find the why."
"The bones all look black inside
When I am passing by."

"No matter if the sun shines bright
Over your face and park,
From the outside all look dark.
I used to think the darkness
Was in my sleep all day,
But when I tried to test it
The dark had gone away!"



"And while I'm asking questions
I'd really like to know
Just what the little children
Take time enough to know."

"And while their hair is 'tossing green
And toothy their eyes come,
And when the hair is in a top
That makes the tummy hurt."

"I'd like to see the well that boils
The tears behind my eyes, and
And when the hair is in a top
That makes the tummy hurt."

"No one ever makes me cry,
But I shall always be, I know,
A little foolish why!"

"My mouth will grow wide open,
And I'll ask the questions
With asking where questions
The answers no one knows!"

—Katherine S. Bird and all in New York Mail and Express.

Lord Rosebery's Little Speech.

Lord Rosebery made an amusing little speech to the children of Winchester the other day on the occasion of the dedication of the statue of King Alfred. Thousands of children had been provided with packages of cakes. While they were munching away Lord Rosebery said: "Children, I believe that the design of this little feast is that you should all have a lively memory of the unweaving of King Alfred's statue. Now, a hundred years ago, when people in a town like Winchester wanted anything to be remembered by future generations they had a much more disagreeable plan. They took all the children around to the place they wanted to be remembered and whipped them soundly, so that they should remember. [Laughter.] I think that you will agree with me that we have improved matters a great deal since then and that the mayor's method of keeping King Alfred's statue in your memory is a much better one than that. The mayor told you to follow King Alfred's example. You can do it at once without any delay of a minute. You remember the story of King Alfred being scolded for neglecting the cakes? [Cries of "Yes."] No, I am wrong. You must not follow his example. You must pass it by. You must not neglect the cakes, but fall to as soon as possible." [Much laughter.]

Johnny on the Alligator.

The alligator is a long, leather covered animal consisting of three parts, which are head, body and tail. The legs are too short to count. I have heard that if you cut an alligator in two in the middle the two ends will turn around and fight each other, but this is doubtless exaggerated. The alligator must not be confounded with the crocodile of Holy Writ. It is of a different species, though they look very much alike. When you study up how different many things are that look very much alike, you are filled with amazement. It has always seemed to me that creation is a wonderful thing. We ought to study it and learn all we can about it. The alligator can eat anything, but it prefers small negro children. It lives in warm climates. When you examine a large alligator in the north, you will find it stuffed with sawdust.—Johnny in Chicago Tribune.

Grandchildren Are Valuable.

A little child was beseeching her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said, "It costs \$10 every time we go to see grandmother, Florence, and \$10 don't grow on every bush."

"Neither do grandchildren grow on every bush," answered the little girl promptly. They went.—Humane Journal.

In Schools of Saxony.

Pupils in the schools of Saxony are required to commit to memory 231 Biblical verses and 198 verses of hymns, in addition to the catechism.

A WOMAN WHO WAITED.

And Her Patience Netted Her Over \$3,000,000.

This story concerns a woman in Canada. Her husband had died, leaving her a little money and a lot of iron-bearing land upon which was a mine and furnace of which the man had been able to make nothing and which he had shut down years before he died. The woman had been a widow for years when, like lightning out of a blue sky, there came to her house some shrewd looking men who, after a great deal of beating about the bush, offered to pay her \$137,000 for her abandoned mine and furnace. To these men she replied that she had no idea what the property ought to fetch, but that simply because they had made the first offer she thought it best not to accept it. She agreed to herself that if people were beginning to take an interest in iron properties the interest might easily grow in strength, and time might bring other and better offers. She had a roof, bread and butter and means enough to educate her children, therefore she could wait. She did not have to jump at the first offer that came.

Four or five years passed, and if she had not been called upon annually to pay a very slight colonial tax upon the property she might almost have forgotten that she owned it. At the end of five years came a second offer. It was brought to her by a lawyer from the United States, who came in a private car to the village where she lived and who hired a wagon to ride to her door, though it was not five minutes' distant on foot from the railroad station.

"This was a man of few words," "Madam," said he, "I represent clients who have commissioned me to purchase the land and furnace which you own out in ——" He mentioned the locality.

"I have no need to sell," said she. "I have all the money I require. I have received a handsome offer for that property already and have refused it."

"My clients offer three and a half millions of dollars for your property," said the lawyer.

Said the woman to herself, "Oh, that is different!" Said she to the lawyer: "Well, really, I had not expected so much. At that figure I will part with it."—New York Mail and Express.

Like Our Grandmothers Had.

In these pocketless days we again have recourse to the satchel dear to our grandmothers, and every variety may be made, and they all look nice. Among the newest designs are two through the bag of black satin rising from stiffened half moons of



black velvet embroidered with silk and silver beads or with white velvet flowers appliqued on and edged with silver cord. The satin may be lined with some pretty bright color if liked, so that it shows on the inside of the trim at the top. It is drawn up by a running slide of ribbon or by ribbon run through small rings.—Young Ladies' Journal.

Women Make Good Drummers.

A member of a firm of wholesale merchants in a southern city declares that women make better drummers than men in some respects. "The fact is," he says, "that when it comes to certain lines the women who have an aptitude can do much more than men. Time was, and it was only a few years ago, when it was generally believed that a woman could not sell anything on the road except books and certain articles of wearing apparel peculiar to her sex. The operations of the female drummer were for a long time confined to a very limited field. But in recent years she has branched out somewhat, and I simply state an open secret when I say that she may be as garbed as a success on the road. In some instances she has proved herself a more valuable member than a man."

"Take certain lines, like tea, coffee, spices and things of that sort, and in a majority of instances she will place more goods than a man will in the same length of time. This is probably true of these articles because she can talk more intelligently about them."—Washington Star.

A Great Traveler.

Among the women who have become famous as travelers the Russian Princess Denidoff is conspicuous. Her husband was educated in England and there acquired a taste for athletic sports and hunting and has shot "big game" in Europe and Asia. In his travels he has been accompanied by his wife, who has stalked the chamois in the Caucasus, caught 150 trout in a single day in the Big Lake, journeyed across Asia to Japan and thence to Kamchatka and shared in perilous adventures of every kind.

The princess is a daughter of Count Waraskoff, Dniepropol, who once was at the head of the czar's household, and she is said to be extremely witty and charming. Her accomplishments include English, and she has been known on her travels to make fresh rolls to accompany the trout she had caught.

Two Good Swimmers.

French and Spanish girls learn to swim early under the able tuition of fathers and brothers, who generally take more trouble with their pupils than does a swimming mistress. Two notable examples are the queen regent of Spain and Queen Amelie of Portugal, both of whom have been a great help to their youth upward. There is nothing that the queen regent enjoys so much as being taken a mile or two out to sea in a boat, in which she quietly dives and swims to the left, covering the distance in a surprisingly short time.

Opening and Closing New York Stock Quotations.

RAILROADS.	Op'ng	High	Low	—Closing—	
				Bid	Asked
Atchafalaya	73 1/2	80 1/4	79 3/4	79 3/4	79 3/4
do. preferred	100	100 3/4	100	100 1/4	100 1/4
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	63 3/4	65 3/4	63 1/4	65	65 1/4
Cincinnati & Ohio	40 1/2	41 1/4	40 1/4	40 3/4	41 1/4
Chicago & Great West	24 3/4	24 3/4	24 1/4	24 1/4	24 3/4
Illinois Central	139 3/4	139 3/4	139 1/4	139 1/4	140
Indianapolis & Nashville	108 3/4	109	108 1/4	108 3/4	108 3/4
Missouri Pacific	101 3/4	102 3/4	101 1/4	101 3/4	102 3/4
Manhattan Elevated	139 3/4	141 1/4	139 1/4	140 3/4	141 1/4
Metropolitan St. Ry.	164 3/4	167 1/4	164 1/4	166	166 3/4
New York Central	168 3/4	171 1/4	168 1/4	170 1/4	170 3/4
Pennsylvania Central	150	151 1/4	150	151 1/4	151 1/4
Southern Railway	147 1/4	151 1/4	147 1/4	151 1/4	151 1/4
St. Paul	167 1/4	168 3/4	166 3/4	167 3/4	167 3/4
Southern Pacific	94 3/4	95 3/4	94 1/4	95 1/4	95 3/4
Southern Railway pref.	40	40 1/4	40	40 1/4	40 1/4
Texas Pacific	102 3/4	103 3/4	102 1/4	103 1/4	103 3/4
Union Pacific	90	100 3/4	89 3/4	89 3/4	90 3/4
do. pref.	90	100 3/4	89 3/4	89 3/4	90 3/4

Opening and Closing Boston Stock Quotations.

RAILROADS.	Op'ng	High	Low	—Closing—	
				Bid	Asked
Atchafalaya	73 1/2	80 1/4	79 3/4	79 3/4	79 3/4
do. preferred	100	100 3/4	100	100 1/4	100 1/4
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	63 3/4	65 3/4	63 1/4	65	65 1/4
Cincinnati & Ohio	40 1/2	41 1/4	40 1/4	40 3/4	41 1/4
Chicago & Great West	24 3/4	24 3/4	24 1/4	24 1/4	24 3/4
Illinois Central	139 3/4	139 3/4	139 1/4	139 1/4	140
Indianapolis & Nashville	108 3/4	109	108 1/4	108 3/4	108 3/4
Missouri Pacific	101 3/4	102 3/4	101 1/4	101 3/4	102 3/4
Manhattan Elevated	139 3/4	141 1/4	139 1/4	140 3/4	141 1/4
Metropolitan St. Ry.	164 3/4	167 1/4	164 1/4	166	166 3/4
New York Central	168 3/4	171 1/4	168 1/4	170 1/4	170 3/4
Pennsylvania Central	150	151 1/4	150	151 1/4	151 1/4
Southern Railway	147 1/4	151 1/4	147 1/4	151 1/4	151 1/4
St. Paul	167 1/4	168 3/4	166 3/4	167 3/4	167 3/4
Southern Pacific	94 3/4	95 3/4	94 1/4	95 1/4	95 3/4
Southern Railway pref.	40	40 1/4	40	40 1/4	40 1/4
Texas Pacific	102 3/4	103 3/4	102 1/4	103 1/4	103 3/4
Union Pacific	90	100 3/4	89 3/4	89 3/4	90 3/4
do. pref.	90	100 3/4	89 3/4	89 3/4	90 3/4

MISCELLANEOUS.

Atchafalaya	73 1/2	80 1/4	79 3/4	79 3/4	79 3/4
do. preferred	100	100 3/4	100	100 1/4	100 1/4
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	63 3/4	65 3/4	63 1/4	65	65 1/4
Cincinnati & Ohio	40 1/2	41 1/4	40 1/4	40 3/4	41 1/4
Chicago & Great West	24 3/4	24 3/4	24 1/4	24 1/4	24 3/4
Illinois Central	139 3/4	139 3/4	139 1/4	139 1/4	140
Indianapolis & Nashville	108 3/4	109	108 1/4	108 3/4	108 3/4
Missouri Pacific	101 3/4	102 3/4	101 1/4	101 3/4	102 3/4
Manhattan Elevated	139 3/4	141 1/4	139 1/4	140 3/4	141 1/4
Metropolitan St. Ry.	164 3/4	167 1/4	164 1/4	166	166 3/4
New York Central	168 3/4	171 1/4	168 1/4	170 1/4	170 3/4

WHO OWNS THE PRESCRIPTION?

Doctor, Druggist and Patient All Lay Claim to It.

To whom does the prescription belong—to the doctor who writes it, the patient who receives and pays for it or the druggist who puts up the medicine? This question has recently been the subject of an interesting discussion in the secular press, having been started by a New York Journal, in commenting on a letter received from one of its readers complaining that a druggist who filled a prescription which he had received from a doctor and paid for would not return him the prescription. According to the newspaper, the druggist based his claim of ownership in the prescription upon the grounds of frequently being required to produce the original of prescriptions which he had put up, in order to answer important questions, and, further, that he needs the prescription for his own protection in the event of any trouble arising from its taking, to show that he has put up only what the doctor has prescribed.

The druggist insists that it is not safe for a patient to hold a prescription which he can have filled at any time, for the reason that the physician formulates a prescription according to existing symptoms and the exact condition of the patient at the time, and if he, the patient, should take it at another time when he apparently may have the same trouble, but conditions are different, he will do himself a physical and the doctor a professional injury.

The doctor partially approves the claim of the druggist, modifying it only to the extent of requiring him to give a copy of the prescription to the patient, and declares that no prescription should ever be filled from a copy, which should be so marked, and that no prescription should ever be refilled, except upon the approval of the doctor who wrote it, and that there should be a law to this effect.

These views of the question utterly ignore any property rights the patient may be supposed to have in the prescription. The patient pays the doctor for writing out the prescription and then pays the druggist for filling it. Now, what is it the patient buys? Is it only what the pharmacist hands him in box, bottle or paper? If so, what is it that he has paid the doctor for? The druggist receives full remuneration for his drugs, and compounding the prescription has cost him nothing. By what right, then, does he hold title to it? For self protection, it is claimed. But what about the patient's right to avail himself of whatever advantages may afterward adhere in the prescription? The patient, having purchased a prescription, has a property right therein which neither the doctor who wrote it nor the druggist who has filled it has, and he is therefore entitled to its possession. The druggist may be permitted to retain a copy.—Chicago Law Journal.

NO USE FOR THE CACTUS.

After Seeing His Friend Lazzard to One by Apaches and Tortured.

"No, I can't say that I have any admiration for that sort of plant, however fine a specimen it is," said an Arizona man as he passed a casual glance at a giant cactus in the lobby of a hotel. "I have seen altogether too many of them, and there is a circumstance that is often recalled by seeing them that I had rather forget." The Arizona man hesitated and would have passed on, away from the curiously formed plant, had he not been asked to tell what was this circumstance which seemed to deeply affect him. He began:

"I have lived in Arizona a great many years. In fact, I am one of the pioneers of the territory. When I went there in 1885, there were few white people, but no end of Indians. The Indians were not all friendly. It was a year or so after coming to the territory that, with a small party of prospectors, I was crossing the great Arizona desert from Phoenix to where is now the King of Arizona mine. We were all provided with food and water and were making the trip over the hot sands and under a scorching sun with as much comfort as was possible until we were overtaken by a straggling band of Indians. I think they were Jicarillas.

"There was nothing to do but to make a run for it, and we gave them a hard race for five hours until Archie Lazzard, one of the party, fell behind and was taken. Then we turned and made a fight, but it was no use. The Indians made off with their prisoner, a part of them keeping us off from those that had him in charge. We followed until night, when the Indians made a halt, and there, before our eyes, they stripped Lazzard of his clothes and lashed him to a big cactus.

"Such suffering! They raised him just far enough above the ground that his whole weight fell on the sharp needles of the plant, thousands of them piercing his flesh. While half of the Indians held us away the others danced about our suffering partner. There were only four of us and about twenty Indians, but we succeeded in driving them off after a fight that lasted until near midnight.

"When we reached Lazzard, he was nearly dead from the loss of blood and the terrible agony that he suffered. We got him back to Phoenix, but he died in a few days.

"I have been caught in the desert and have been saved from dying of thirst by drinking water that is contained in the cactus, but I never can feel any gratitude to the plant after that first experience. And I never can tolerate an Indian."—Denver Republican.

MUTTON AS A MOTOR.

Green, the English historian, one day asked a friend which of all the inventions of their day had done the most for the people as a whole. His friend guessed this and that, but the answer was:

"A reply involving quite as great an absurdity as that made by Cecil Rhodes in answer to a lady who, seeking to draw him out, suggested that he owed his phenomenal rise to the impetus of noble sentiments.

"Madam," returned Mr. Rhodes, "I owe my fortune simply and solely to cold mutton."

CHARLES KINGSLEY WAS AFFLICTED WITH STUTTERING.

Byron was possessed of a morbid fear of going out of his mind. Thomas Carlyle was a chronic dyspeptic. A state of irritation appears to have been his normal condition.

THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE SIR WALTER SCOTT COULD ONLY WALK WITH A LIMP.

As a boy he was afflicted with paralysis, which left him permanently lame.

Lord Nelson lost one of his eyes, and his left arm had to be amputated as the result of a wound sustained in one of his numerous engagements.

Alexander Pope was a hunchback, with a very caustic tongue, which once resulted in his being as good as told that he was "a crooked little thing that asks impudent questions."

Hogarth, the famous painter, had a prominent scar on his forehead, which was the result of an accident in his early days. He made this appear still more prominent in a portrait of himself which he painted with his own hand.

The face of Oliver Cromwell was disfigured with moles, pimples and warts. He must have been very proud of them, however, for when his portrait was being painted by Sir Peter Lely he swore he would not pay for it unless all these facial disfigurements were quite clearly shown.

England's Last Lottery.

At 5 o'clock on Oct. 18, 1826, an immense crowd gathered at a hall in London to witness the last state lottery draw in England. The drawing of prizes on that occasion occupied less than two hours, whereas the drawing of some 25 years previously were protracted for several weeks, the excitement being so great that doctors attended to let blood in cases where the proclaiming of winning tickets proved too overpowering for the holders.

From the days of Queen Anne lotteries had contributed largely toward the revenue, during the latter years bringing in from \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000 per annum. The first public lottery held in England took place on Jan. 11, 1569. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral and continued incessantly, drawing day and night, till May 6 following.

Why He Was Single.

A good story is told of Sir John Tenniel, the famous English cartoonist. One day he was asked why he had never married.

"Well," he replied, "if I had married a girl she would have always been the same going about all over the place, and that would not have suited me, while, on the other hand, if I had married an elderly lady she would have worn a shawl, and that I could not have stood."

The Way the Money Goes.

Wife—I had to spend fifty of that five hundred for some necessary things.

Husband—Well, what are you going to do with the four hundred and fifty?

Wife—Oh, that goes for luxuries—Judge.

Dear, Good Natured Soul.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?"

"Will, mum, tho's 'r him t' say. Oi done me best wid 'r materials at hand, mum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Intimate Enough.

"We never remember the faces of those we love most dearly."

"That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred dollar bill looks like."—Detroit Free Press.

The Average.

"Pa, what's an average man?"

"One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."

THE CHANGE THAT EVENT PRODUCED IN THE CIRCUS ACROBAT.

Some interesting stories are told about the circus business, but one of the best known in a long while was told by an old press agent:

"The show had had a prosperous season in the north. The proprietor made his mind there could be no end to good business, and he planned a trip south for the winter months. The cotton crop was poor, and all intelligent circus men steer clear of the south when cotton is poor. His friends went to him and tried to get him to give up the winter trip, but he was persistent.

"When the show struck Arkansas, business began to drop off. The people didn't have the money, and they couldn't patronize the show.

"One Thursday night notices were posted in the dressing tent that the show would close the season on Saturday night and that the employees would receive their salaries on Sunday.

"On Sunday morning all were on hand to get their 'dough.' The cashier was at the window of the ticket wagon and was handing it out with accustomed alacrity.

"To appreciate this story you must understand that all circus men pay off their hands alphabetically. The Arnolds, the Barnums, the Campbells, the Duntons and so on.

"There was a fellow of the stage name of Zeno who did stunts on the horizontal bar and who was late in getting over to the ticket wagon. When he rushed up all out of breath and found the wagon closed, there was plenty of trouble in sight. Some of the other better known employees whose names began with initials near the bottom of the alphabet announced to him that there was no more money, and then the air was blue. He started out on a hunting tour for the circus proprietor.

"I'd like to know why I don't get my money?" he began.

"I am sorry, old man," said the proprietor. "I have tried to be square. I have paid out my money until I ran short."

"To make a long story short, the proprietor made all sorts of apologies and finally succeeded in pacifying the horizontal bar man.

"You have been with me several seasons, and you know that I aim to do what is right," said the circus proprietor. "I want you to sign a contract with me for next season, and the first money I make I will see that you are reimbursed for waiting."

"Zeno signed the contract reluctantly and went away to his home. Spring came, and the "big show" was having its seats painted, chariots regilded and everything got in readiness for the opening. About two weeks before the opening the performers began to assemble at winter quarters. One afternoon when the train pulled up at the station Zeno alighted. The proprietor was there to greet him.

"Hello, Zeno," he exclaimed as he slipped him on the back. "By Jove, I am glad to see you, old man."

"Not at all, your life," said Zeno. "My name is Ajax this season."—Washington Star.

UNGRACIOUS MAN.

"Did you ever watch a man taking a drink of water in a public place, in a railroad station or on a train, where he is aware that many eyes regard him? Watch this some time," a drummer said.

"You'll find it interesting. The man, you see, holds the glass in his right hand while he drinks, and it is in his left hand while he makes his unoccupied left hand look graceful that makes the spectacle worth while."

"One fellow as he stoops over the cup in an elegant attitude, an attitude like that of bowing, solves the enigma of what to do with his left hand by putting it in his trouser pocket. Another looks it behind his back. A third puts the thumb of it in the pocket of his waistcoat, and fourth swings the hand like a pendulum to and fro at his side. But all men, do what they will with their left hand, look awkward and self-conscious when drinking in public, and it is amusing to watch them."—Philadelphia Record.

HE STUDIED IT.

H. Rider Haggard, in "A Winter Pilgrimage," tells this anecdote:

"When I was a young human boy, my father took me up the Rhine by boat with the hope and expectation that my mind would be improved by contemplating its lovely and historic banks. Wearing of this feast, very soon I slipped down to the cabin to enjoy one more congenial, that of Robinson Crusoe. But some family traitor betrayed me, and, protesting, even with tears, that I hated views, I was dragged to the deck again. I have paid 6 shillings," shouted my justly indignant parent as he hauled me up the steamer stairs, "for you not to study the Rhine scenery, and, whether you like it or not, young man, study it you shall."

PROFITABLE WEDDINGS.

What is known as the "pay wedding" is popular in Germany. The bride receives the guests with a basin set before her, and into this each visitor entering the reception room drops either some jewelry, a silver spoon or a piece of money. In some parts of the country the expenses of the marriage feast are met by each guest paying for what he or she may eat and drink. Some visitors pay a high price, and the happy couple make a handsome profit out of their wedding, as many as 300 guests often being present at such a festivity.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

Kate—Well, I got my revenge on Laura, after all.

Alice—How so?

Kate—She let me trim a hat for her.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

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Mrs. Keyboard (in drawing room of hotel)—Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note.

Old Stokes—Neither can any one else while I'm here.

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"Now, Charles, let us make out a list of your debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—London Tit-Bits.

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John—Here, Maria, I'll sing to the baby while you dress.

Maria—No; let him cry.—Boston Herald.

When the millennium arrives, the quiet, genteel man will be treated as well as the kicker.—Athenian Globe.

MONEY RAN SHORT.

The Change That Event Produced In the Circus Acrobat.

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SHOWED HIM A FEW TRICKS.

A Lesson That Made a Man Quit Gambling on Ocean Liners.

"I used to play a little poker occasionally on voyages across the pond," said a clubman, "but I haven't done so for eight or nine years, and the reason why I stopped was rather peculiar. Coming over from Paris one fall I made the acquaintance of a man named Metcalfe, who represented himself as a hardwired dealer from Minneapolis. There was a good deal of poker playing in the smoking room that trip, and Metcalfe won considerable money, but not, however, at any of the games in which I was sitting.

"When we reached New York, I changed to render him a slight service, which I don't care to mention, more particularly as it was a strictly private matter. Suffice it to say he was extravagantly grateful and invited me to dine with him that evening. Over our coffee he remarked that he had noticed me playing cards on the steamer and asked whether I knew all the men who were in the game. 'Oh, I dare say some of them were professional,' I replied, 'but I flatter myself I know enough to keep from being robbed!'

"Metcalfe smiled grimly and told the waiter to get us a new deck of cards. 'Now, I'm going to show you something that will be of value to you,' he said, and, after dismissing the waiter, he proceeded to give me an exhibition of manipulation that made my eyes stick out of my head. I never dreamed it possible for anyone to obtain such complete mastery over the pasteboards. He dealt himself whatever he liked, told me with unflinching certainty what I held each time, and, in the course of half an hour, convinced me fully that I was easy prey for any expert sharper in a strange game.

"When he got through, I thanked him warmly, and from that day to this I haven't touched a card except in small, friendly games, where I knew everybody present. My conceit as to self protection was permanently squelched. I learned afterward that Metcalfe was one of the most skillful professional gamblers in the business. He certainly did me an immense favor. If the exhibition I witnessed could be seen by all overconfident young men, I am inclined to think that very few lambs would be sheared on the big lines."

A DOMESTIC MUDDLE.

Too Many Complications For the Lawyer to Unravel.

A lawyer received a new client the other day—a big man named Frazier, who wanted to sue to recover \$500 advanced on a note and not repaid.

"Who is the debtor?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, she's a relation of mine."

"How nearly related?"

"Very nearly."

"But, my dear sir," persisted the lawyer, "you must be more explicit."

"Well, she may be my mother-in-law."

"Why? Then you are likely to marry her daughter?"

"I've already married the daughter."

"Oh, then, of course, the defendant is your mother-in-law?"

"I guess you better hear the whole story," said the man named Frazier.

He heaved a weary sigh and then went on:

"You see, a year ago we lived together—my son Bill and I. Across the way lived the Widow Foster and her daughter Mary. Well, sir, I married Mary. My wife was going looking for me. My son Bill married the widow because she had heaps of money. Now, perhaps you can tell me whether the old lady is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law."

But the lawyer couldn't, at least not just then. The problem had struck him all in a heap. He looked wild eyed, and his brain was reeling.

"Perhaps when you've settled that question you'll undertake my suit," Frazier added. "The old lady borrowed the money fair and square, and she cut it back, but she won't, and I've got to sue."

"I don't think I'll take your case," faltered the lawyer. "The case er—er—presents too many complications."

"By the way," said Frazier disappointedly as he took up his hat and prepared to go, "since the double wedding a child has been born to each couple. Can you tell me what relation the two children are to each other?"

But the lawyer couldn't.—London Tit-Bits.

TO KEEP A COAL FIRE OVER NIGHT.

Anthracite coal, being nearly a solid carbon, the fire may be arranged to "keep" over night. To accomplish this lift the lid on the top of the stove or open the little draft at the top of the firebox. This will allow cold air to enter, pass over the upper surface of the coal, chill it and prevent rapid burning. As this is imperfect combustion great care must be taken to have the chimney flue open that the products of combustion may not come out into the room. Carbon monoxide, the product of imperfect combustion, is a colorless, odorless, poisonous gas. Being an accumulative poison, it is still more dangerous. As hard coal contains a little sulphur when the drafts are imperfect the odor of the sulphur is noticed, which is like the sounding of an alarm bell, for carbon monoxide is found in its company.

—Mrs. S. T. Horer in Ladies' Home Journal.

DEPENDS ON THE WOMAN.

"She's going to marry him, I guess," suggested the wise gossip as the couple went by.

"He doesn't expect it," returned the casual acquaintance.

"Oh, that's quite immaterial so long as she does," answered the wise gossip.—Chicago Post.

HOW ABUNDANT!

"Did you hear the terrible storm last night, Sarah?"

"No; not a sound. Did it thunder?"

"Terribly."

"Why didn't you wake me? You know I can't sleep when it thunders!"—Manchester Times.

THE DRAWBACK.

"Elsie says there was only one drawback to her wedding."

"What was that?"

"She says her father looked too cheerful when he gave her away."

NO ROOM TO TURN.

Suburbs—Why do you always go into your fat backward?

Down Town—Because I always like to face the street in case of fire.—Ohio State Journal.

SEEING DOUBLE.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Standing before the looking glass," said Tommy. "I wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."—London Fun.

REVEALED IN SLEEP.

CRIMES CONFESSED BY THEIR PERPETRATORS WHILE SLUMBERING.

Dramatic Episode That Followed a Wedding in a Prussian Town—A Dose That Brought Ret

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "KNOW HOW," enables us to GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Try us! It we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces
Supporters
—AND—
Suspensories
Always on hand

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER



now, as we have the finest stock of hand-made wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite coloring and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth.

Gray & Prime

DELIVER
COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON
BOTTLETS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Blodgett and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, R. fined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in repair, lots in any of the cemeteries. Of the city and will be instructed by his care. He will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of lots, and the cleaning of monuments and headstones and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemetery he will do turning and grading in the city at short notice.

Concrete lots for sale, also Lumber and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rich and Adams streets, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Haddock, corner of S. R. Hotel and 64 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS.

The sand man will soon get in his work.

It is all up with the skaters for the present.

The dentist in snow shoes have been busy.

Rubbers, gloves and overshoes have a call still.

The streets will be lively for a time with sleighing parties.

There have been several tipovers reported but no one hurt.

There was a frosty tinge to the evening air on Wednesday.

Portsmouth people will not have to be urged to trade at home this season.

Take your shoes to John Mott, 34 Congress street if the need to be repaired.

Some of the fishermen have found their wives in bad shape as a result of the blow.

The last pad on the calendar already has more than half the first week crossed off.

It is said that one of Portsmouth's organizations of young men is to disband for the winter.

The fellow who thinks it isn't healthy until the snow covers the ground now breathes easier.

Arrived, Dec. 5, Steamer Charles F. Meyer, from Baltimore, with 1500 tons coal for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

Attention have a severe experience the past two mornings, but the roads and paths are so tight all right again.

Music Lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo, R. L. Reinwald, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

The local camp of Sons of Veterans held its regular meeting in G. A. R. hall on Thursday evening, and elected officers.

Fire started a fire beneath car No. 1, on the local electric road last evening. A few buckets of snow quenched it this time.

A. B. P. A. C. duplicate which took place on Wednesday evening, at the Catholic and Boston, near Parker and McDonough, 2 miles.

The P. A. C. pool tournament is furthering great sport for the members, and a considerable good natured rivalry is shown in all the games.

Such one can think winter is with us, with the ground covered by snow and the thermometer registered at eight or ten degrees above zero.

The United States civil service commission announced that on January 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1902, an examination will be held for the position of mail architects.

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St. John's historic organ was sent to Boston today, and will be on exhibition there, and later put in thorough repair by the company which is to exhibit it.

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Worms?

cause sickness, and sometimes death, in children, to have their presence is suspected. Give them a few doses of

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

A harmless vegetable tonic. 35c at drug stores.

Dr. J. P. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

A NATION OF PAPERS.

The United States is the greatest paper country in the world. Massachusetts is the home of Boston, gets a special rap from the new census bureau report, says Newspaperman. If we are to accept the census reports as true, Iowa, in proportion to its population, has more papers than any other state in the union and twice as many publications as Massachusetts. If Boston is the cultured and reading center of this country, and some people are unkind enough to say that Boston individuals swear to this, the remainder of Massachusetts must be very short on newspaper and magazine reading.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church met on Wednesday afternoon and evening with John W. Gerish of State street. At six o'clock supper was served by the ladies and an excellent bill of fare was provided. During the evening a pleasing entertainment was rendered, which included recitations by Miss Emma Grace, vocal solos by J. T. Davis, and piano solos by Miss Blanche. The third quarterly conference was also held, at which Presiding Elder J. E. Robb was present.

PUNISHED BY DEATH.

Washington, Dec. 5.—Senator Hearst yesterday introduced the following bill providing for the protection of the president of the United States: "An act to protect the president of the United States, or any person acting under the authority of the United States, or any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, willfully kill or cause the death of the president of the United States, or any officer thereof, or who shall attempt to kill or cause the death of the president, or chief magistrate of any foreign country, shall be punished by death."

TO HOLD EXTRA MEETINGS.

Ample, the coming week the Gratiot club will hold an extra meeting at the Gratiot hall on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at eight o'clock, p. m. This will be the occasion of a Standard lecture upon Egypt illustrated by 150 stereoscopic picture slides. Mr. Stoddard's pictures are said to be unequalled in quality by any shown by an American lecturer, and since the lecture will be open to the public there seems to be no doubt that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to attend.

Aches and Pains.

You know by experience that the aches and pains of rheumatism are not permanent, but only temporary, relieved by external remedies.

Then why not use an internal remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and cures the disease?

This medicine has done more for the rheumatic than any other medicine in the world.

OBITUARY.

John M. Pearl.
John M. Pearl died of cancer at Hampton on Tuesday, Dec. 3, at the age of seventy-one years. For a fortnight his life had been despaired of, he was born in Dover, and from fourteen to twenty-three years of age served as a sailor. Since then he had resided at his farm in Hampton. A widow survives him.

LAW ON MOOSE.

Last Saturday night at midnight the moose that roams the Maine woods probably gave great sighs of relief, for the law is now on again and it is now illegal to shoot them. The moose was now even matters up by chasing what few hunters remain in the woods to enjoy the few remaining days of deer hunting.

PLACE OF SERVICE CHANGED.

The Christian Science society will hereafter hold their meetings in the Woman's Exchange room, beginning Sunday, Dec. 8. Regular Sunday service at 11 a. m. and weekly testimonial meeting, Wednesdays, at 7:30 p. m., to which all are welcome.

MCKENZIE-STEWART.

The wedding of Archibald McKenzie and Miss Florence Stewart, both of this city, occurred at the Advent parsonage on Summer street Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Clarence M. Sennens, the pastor. The couple will reside in this city.

News on every page of the Herald.

HAS A SURPLUS OF \$170,000, INCLUDING GUARANTY FUND.

Splendid Condition of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company Shown by the Bank Commissioners' Complete Report.

The following full statement of the bank commissioners after their examination of the affairs of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee company shows a most gratifying condition of one of our oldest and best institutions. The company owes \$1,140,909.81 to its depositors, and there is a surplus, including the guaranty fund, of about \$170,000. Out of this surplus all losses, if any, must be paid before there is any loss to depositors.

Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company. Examined December 3, 1901, by Alpheus W. Baker, John Hatch and Geo. Waite Cummings, bank commissioners of New Hampshire.

STATEMENT.		
Assets.	Estimated market value.	Value on books.
Loans secured by Western mortgages	\$ 123,616.70	\$121,943.38
Loans secured by local real estate	197,662.10	197,662.10
Loans on personal security (local)	252,174.35	252,174.35
Loans on collateral security (local)	57,901.00	57,901.00
State bonds	16,500.00	15,900.00
County, city, town and district bonds	134,868.00	137,250.00
Railroad bonds	81,177.00	72,190.00
Miscellaneous bonds	172,573.00	119,080.00
Bank stock	3,205.00	2,500.00
Railroad stock	115,710.00	105,783.25
Manufacturing stock	9,550.00	9,575.00
Miscellaneous stocks	150,509.01	150,509.01
Real estate by foreclosure	15,100.98	15,100.98
Cash on deposit on national banks	7,881.38	7,881.38
Cash on hand		
Total	\$1,338,288.52	\$1,280,462.45

DEAD IN HER HOME.

Rebecca Killen Probably at Work When Stricken, and Found by a Neighbor.

Rebecca Killen, thought to be about seventy years of age, was found dead in her home, No. 39 South street, early this forenoon, by Charles Tucker, a neighbor.

The body was found in the kitchen and there were evidences that she was in the midst of her household when she was stricken by heart disease. She had fallen face foremost to the floor. Mr. Tucker immediately telephoned the police and to Coroner Prime. A physician was also called. He pronounced that death was from natural causes and no inquest was convened.

The woman had been dead apparently about twenty-four hours, and probably was at work Wednesday morning when overtaken by her fatal attack. She lived alone and was much respected by all who knew her. She owned the house in which she resided. No near relatives are known. The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Ham for funeral services.

BOSTON BANKS TO UNITE.

Boston, Dec. 4.—The directors of the State National bank and of the Nation Hide and Leather bank have voted to recommend to their stockholders the merging of the business of the two banks, the State National liquidating the National Hide and Leather bank. Stockholders of the Hide and Leather will have the offer for each two shares of their holdings \$140 cash and one share of the National bank, or all cash at \$135 a share.

TAKES A BRIDE.

Frederick L. Trask, the popular clerk of the construction and repair department of the navy yard, has been granted a leave of absence. He left on Wednesday evening for Pittsfield, N. H., where he was united in marriage to Miss Mabel A. Willard of that place. Both of these young people are very popular and have made many friends in this city. After a short wedding trip they will take up their residence at 25 South street, Portsmouth.

TO SEW FOR LUMBERMEN.

There will be a special meeting of the W. C. T. U. women at No. 11 Bussitt street on Friday afternoon, from two to four o'clock, to sew for lumbermen. All should respond to this call and be prepared for the work.

WELL ENTERTAINED.

Those Who Heard the Pierces Were Very Much Pleased.

On Wednesday evening the King's Daughters of the North church conducted an excellent entertainment which was presented by Harry R. Pierce and Zulette S. Pierce, impersonators.

The entertainment was largely attended and appreciation was shown by the enthusiastic encores following each number on the program. This couple are certainly true entertainers, and especially fine was the original character impersonation by Mr. Pierce and the Conquest of Humility and A Little Hawkeye by Zulette Spencer Pierce.

The audience was kept in a roar of laughter the entire evening and a more enjoyable entertainment could not have been presented. The King's Daughters certainly deserve the congratulations of the public on the success of the evening. The program was as follows:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Man Promises. | Grundy |
| Captain Huntington, otherwise Captain Winters. | Winters |
| Miss Campbell, who becomes Miss Huntington. | Winters |
| The Conquest of Humility. | Zulette Spencer Pierce. |
| A Burlesque on the Grand Opera. | Harry Raymond Pierce. |
| A Little Hawkeye. | arr. by Zulette Spencer Pierce |
| An Original Character Impersonation in Costume, taken from real life. | Harry Raymond Pierce. |
| The Happy Pair. | Smith |
| Reynard's Honeymoon. | Constance Honeytor. |

G. A. R. ELECT OFFICERS.

On Wednesday evening Storer post No. 1, G. A. R., held its regular meeting in the hall on Daniel street and elected the following officers:

- Commander, Alfred M. Lane;
Senior Vice Commander, Charles W. Shannon;
Junior Vice Commander, Oliver A. Shortell;
Quartermaster, Simon R. Marston;
Surgeon, True W. Priest;
Chaplain, M. H. Bell;
Officer of the Day, Marcus M. Collins;
Officer of the Guard, Oren B. Russ;
Auditors, Joseph Foster, True W. Priest and J. Louis Harris;
Trustees, Simon R. Marston, John W. Parsons and James R. May;
Historian Robert E. Rich;
Delegates to state convention, Simon R. Marston, Charles W. Shannon, David Urch, Charles Dodge and Joseph Foster;

THE SECOND MUSICAL.

The second musicale of the season to be given by the Gratiot club will take place on Thursday, December 12th, in Peirce hall. The unique feature of this musicale is to be a cantata rendered by a ladies' chorus, comprising sixteen voices. The cantata, King Ryme's Daughter, which is to be presented for the first time in this city, is of high musical order and is at the same time thoroughly pleasing. The chorus will be assisted by Mrs. Sara Dickey Simpson, Mr. Fred I. Day of Boston, and Mr. De Pournier, violinist, of this city. This concert is to be open to the public and will furnish those interested in music, with an opportunity to hear something thoroughly artistic.

IN BAD CONDITION.

There will positively be a matinee daily at Music hall, this week, by the Cook-Church company in popular plays at popular prices. Note the list in the regular announcements.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Five shipwrights and one fastener were discharged from construction department last evening.

Admiral Read has requested the officers at the yard to visit the naval hospital and be vaccinated.

There are nine hundred and seventy-five names on the pay rolls of the yard at the present time. The number is gradually increasing at each payment.

Henry B. Shaw, of the yards and dock department at the yard, is still restricted to his bed and it will be a week or more before he will be able to resume his work.

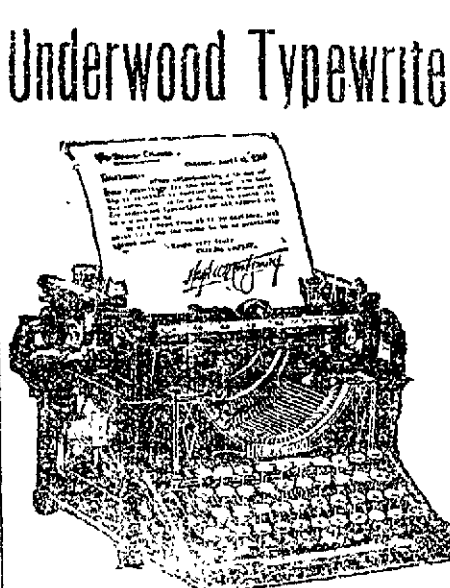
OBSEQUIES.

This Thursday afternoon at two o'clock occurred the funeral service of Samuel Rowe, at the family residence in Greenland, the Rev. Dr. Edward Noble officiating. The funeral was largely attended by the relatives and friends of the man, who had been so active in the affairs of the county, and many from this city were present. The interment took place in the Greenland cemetery, the funeral director being Mr. H. W. Nickerson.

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

The Midnight Alarm was the offering of the Cook-Church company to a good sized house at Music hall, on Wednesday evening. The play seemed to be appreciated as much as any yet given by the company and the cast put lots of life in the parts. The matinee of Wednesday afternoon also proved very popular, with a good audience. The matinee for today, Thursday, is An Actor's Romance, and tonight, the Police Patrol will be put on. This is another lively play and another large audience is assured.

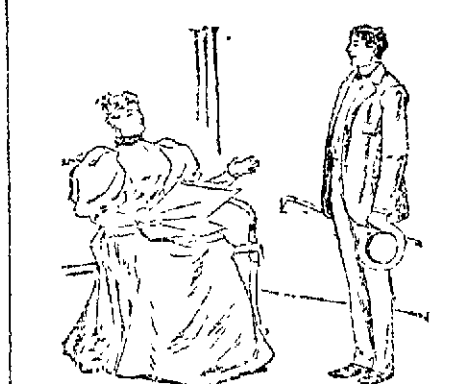
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Principle New Writing Visible. Speed Increased. Touch Elastic. Automatic Conventions. Operation Unchanged. Tabular Rapidly. Billing Speed. Strength Maintained. Actual Advantages.

Examine the
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At the Herald Office



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL
Hanover Street. Near Market.

Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of new and second-hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look at them even if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE.
Stone Stable, -- Fleet Street

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